

My Starch *4246*
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THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

IN THREE FITS OR CANTOS.

A NEW EDITION WITH ADDITIONS.



L O N D O N,
PRINTED FOR T. EVANS IN THE STRAND.

M. DCC. LXXXII.

45
7 621



TO HER GRACE
ELIZABETH
DUCHESS AND
COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

IN HER OWN RIGHT

BARONESS PERCY,

&c. &c. &c.

DOWN in a northern vale wild flowrets grew,
And lent new sweetness to the summer gale;
The Muse there found them all remote from view,
Obscur'd with weeds, and scatter'd o'er the dale.

O Lady, may so flight a gift prevail,
And at your gracious hands acceptance find?
Say, may an ancient legendary tale
Amuse, delight, or move the polish'd mind?

Surely the cares and woes of human kind,
Tho' simply told, will gain each gentle ear:
But all for you the Muse her lay design'd,
And bade your noble Ancestors appear:

She seeks no other praise, if you commend,
Her great protectress, patroness, and friend.

M. DCC. LXXI.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river COQUET, (called by our old Latin Historians, COQUEDA) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swollen with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a HERMITAGE; of which the Chapel is still intire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the Sacristy and Vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses: for the former of these, which runs parallel with the Chapel, appears to have had an Altar in it, at which Mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height: it is however very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock; and has all the decorations of a compleat Gothic Church or Cathedral in miniature.

But what principally distinguishes the Chapel, is a small Tomb or Monument, on the south side of the altar: on the top of which, lies a Female Figure extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish Churches; who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the Blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar: whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the Crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About

ADVERTISEMENT.

About this tomb are several other Figures ; which, as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little Chapel itself, with all its Ornaments, and the two adjoining Apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c. are delivered to the Reader in the following rhimes.

It is universally believed, that the Founder was one of the BERTRAM family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the same BERTRAM, that endowed BRINKBURN Priory, and built BRENKSHAUGH Chapel: which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But BRINKBURN Priory was founded in the reign of K. Henry I.* whereas the form of the Gothic Windows in this Chapel, especially of those near the altar, are found rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of K. Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the Crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb ; for Camden † informs us, that armorial Crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of K. Edward II.

These appearances still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the HERMIT of WARKWORTH was not the same person that founded BRINKBURN Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the BERTRAM family, who lived at a later period.

* Tanner's Notitia Monast.

† See his Remains.

...this kind of ... which, as well as ...
...the same manner as the ...
...and the two adjoining ...
...the country, concerning the origin and ...
...of the ... and ...

...it is universally believed, that the ...
...which had once ...
...and were ...
...the ...

**** FIT was the word used by the old Minstrels to signify
a PART or DIVISION of their Historical Songs, and was pecu-
liarly appropriated to this kind of compositions. See Reliques of
Ancient Eng. Poetry, Vol. II. p. 166 and 397. 2d Ed.**

...of these ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

These appearances ...
...given in the following ...
...of ...
...the ...
...the ...

...the ...



THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

A
NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

FIT THE FIRST.



ARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

B

With

THE HERMIT

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend fire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedew'd the mossy ground.

O! weep not, lady, weep not so;
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here:

And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah! fore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.

O!

O! trust in heaven, the Hermit said,
And to my cell repair;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds
With careful steps and slow:
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below:

O! tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree:

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray:
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away.

Praise

Praise heaven, my son, the Hermit said;

The lady's safe and well:

And soon he join'd the wandering youth,

And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends

They lov'd each other dear:

The youth he press'd her to his heart;

The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! feldom had their host, I ween,

Beheld so sweet a pair:

The youth was tall, with manly bloom;

She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,

With bugle-horn so bright:

She in a filken robe and scarf

Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the Sage;

Sweet rest your limbs require:

Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,

And mends his little fire.

Partake,

Partake, he said, my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare;
The youthful couple say:
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

Now say, my children, (for perchance
My counsel may avail)
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale?

First tell me, father, said the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is here? What lands are these?
And to what lord belong?

Alas! my son, the Hermit said,
Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away?

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant HOTSPUR (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth HENRY BOLINGBROKE
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to save him from his foes
It was his grandfire's care.

In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the PERCY name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honors rest and lost.

No

OF WARKWORTH.

7

No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots dispoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Nor far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair WARKWORTH lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords, and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills,
The PERCY lives unknown:
On strangers' bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might

O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss!
He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY still so lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?
Then blest me, father, said the youth,
For I thy guest am HE.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head.

Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wonderful fair?

Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth:
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

In

OF WARKWORTH. 9

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's* hand,
In feats of arms, and every lore,
To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to see:
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wandered as in chace,
Till in the noble NEVILLE's† house
I gain'd a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare,
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.

D Now,

* ROBERT STUART, duke of Albany. See the continuator of FORDUN's Scoti-Chronicon, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

† RALPH NEVILLE, first Earl of Westmoreland, who chiefly resided at his two Castles of BRANCEPETH, and RABY, both in the bishoprick of Durham.

Now, PERCY, said the blushing maid,
The truth I must reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like light'ning on my foes,
And caus'd them soon to stand.

He

He fought, till more assistance came;
The Scots were overthrown;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
To make me more his own.

O happy day! the youth replied:
Blest were the wounds I bare!
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride;
But oh! we fear'd, (alas, the while!)
Her princely mother's pride:
Sister of haughty BOLINGBROKE,*
Our house's ancient foe,
To me I thought a banish'd wight
Could ne'er such favour show.

Despairing then to gain consent;
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

This

* JOAN, countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of JOHN of GAUNT, and half-sister of king HENRY IV.

This evening, as the night drew on,
 Fearing we were pursu'd,
 We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
 And gain'd this lonely wood :

Then lighting from our weary steeds
 To shun the pelting shower,
 We met thy kind conducting hand,
 And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the Hermit said ;

Awhile your cares forego :

Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed ;

— We'll pass the night below. *

* Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower Apartment, with a little Bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins : whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very intire and perfect.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART



THE

2nd & 3rd parts at the end of this Vol.

THE
HERMIT of WARKWORTH.

NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

FIT THE SECOND.

L OVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled;
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She found her HENRY all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight;
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night,

What sweet surprize o'erpower'd her breast!
Her cheek what blushes dyed!
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride.

E

Within

Within this lonely hermitage

There is a chapel meet:

Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,

And make my bliss compleat.

O HENRY! when thou deign'st to sue,

Can I thy suit withstand?

When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,

Can I refuse my hand?

For thee I left a father's smiles,

And mother's tender care;

And whether weal or woe betide,

Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid!

Such matchless favour show,

To share with me a banish'd wight

My peril, pain, or woe?

Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store

To crown thy constant breast;

For, know, fond hope assures my heart

That we shall soon be blest.

Not

Not far from hence stands COQUET Isle,*

Surrounded by the sea;

There dwells a holy friar, well-known

To all thy friends and thee:

'Tis father Bernard, so rever'd

For every worthy deed;

To RABY castle he shall go;

And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man

Our reverend host is gone;

And soon, I trust, his pious hands

Will join us both in one.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk

The lingering hours beguile :

At length they see the hoary sage

Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd

He greets the noble pair,

And glad consents to join their hands

With many a fervent prayer.

Then

* In the little Island of COQUET, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth-Abbey.

Then straight to RABY's distant walls
He kindly wends his way;
Mean-time in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now attended by their host,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely Steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing thro' a stony Arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little Garden stands;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred Vaults he shows;
The chief a Chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching Columns rose.

Each

Each proper ornament was there,
 That should a chapel grace;
 The Latice for confession fram'd,
 And Holy-water Vase.

O'er either door a sacred Text
 Invites to godly fear;
 And in a little Scutcheon hung
 The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the Altar's ample breadth
 Two easy steps ascend;
 And near a glimmering solemn light
 Two well-wrought Windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a Tomb
 All in the living stone;
 On which a young and beauteous Maid
 In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling Angel fairly carv'd
 Lean'd hovering o'er her breast;
 A weeping warrior at her feet;
 And near to these her Crest.*

F

The

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the WIDDINGTON family. All the Figures, &c. here described are still visible, only somewhat effaced with length of time.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
 Attract the wondering pair:
 Eager they ask, What hapless dame
 Lies sculptur'd here so fair?

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
 For sorrow scarce could speak:
 At length he wip'd the trickling tears
 That all bedew'd his cheek:

Alas! my children, human life
 Is but a vale of woe;
 And very mournful is the tale,
 Which ye so fain would know.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandfire had a friend
 In days of youthful fame;
 Yon distant hills were his domains;
 Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought
 His friend was at his side;
 And many a skirmish with the Scots
 Their early valour try'd.

Young

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair WIDDINGTON the maiden's name,
Yon tow'rs her dwelling place;*
Her fire an old Northumbrian chief
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blisful hour;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

That

* WIDDINGTON castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
 Which is too lightly won ;
 And long shall rue that easy maid,
 Who yields her love too soon.

Lord PERCY made a solemn feast
 In Alnwick's princely hall ;
 And there came lords, and there came knights,
 His chiefs and barons all.

With wassel, mirth, and revelry
 The castle rung around :
 Lord PERCY call'd for song and harp,
 And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
 All clad in robes of blue,
 With silver crescents on their arms,
 Attend in order due.

The great atchievements of thy race
 They sung : their high command :
 " How valiant MAINFRED o'er the seas
 " First led his northern band. *

" Brave

* See Dugdale's Baronage, page 269, &c.

" Brave G A L F R E D next to Normandy

" With venturous Rollo came ;

" And from his Norman castles won,

" Assum'd the P E R C Y name.*

" They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet

" Lord W I L L I A M shipp'd his powers,

" And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride,

" With all her lands and towers.†

" Then journeying to the Holy Land,

" There bravely fought and dy'd :

" But first the silver Crescent wan,

" Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

G

" They

* In Lower Normandy are three Places of the name of P E R C Y : whence the Family took the surname D E P E R C Y.

† W I L L I A M D E P E R C Y, (fifth in Descent from G A L F R E D, or G E F F R E Y D E P E R C Y, son of M A I N F R E D,) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of E M M A D E P O R T E, (so the Norman writers name her,) whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, W I L L I A M, from a principle of honour and generosity, married : for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, " he (to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience." See Harl. MSS. 692. (262) — He died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, in the first Crusade.

" They sung how A G N E S, beauteous heir,

" The queen's own brother wed,

" Lord J O S C E L I N E, sprung from Charlemagne,

" In princely Brabant bred.*

" How he the P E R C Y name reviv'd,

" And how his noble line

" Still foremost in their country's cause,

" With godlike ardour shine."

With loud acclaims the listening crowd

Applaud the masters' song,

And deeds of arms and war became

The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,

Their perils past recall:

When, lo! a damsel, young and fair,

Stepp'd forward thro' the hall.

She

* A G N E S D E P E R C Y, sole heiress of her house, married J O S C E L I N E D E L O V A I N, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Brabant, and brother of queen Adeliza, second wife of king Henry I. He took the name of P E R C Y, and was ancestor of the earls of Northumberland. His son, lord R I C H A R D D E P E R C Y, was one of the twenty-six barons, chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

She Bertram courteously address'd;
And kneeling on her knee;
Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helme,
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try'd.

Young Bertram took the shining helme,
And thrice he kifs'd the fame:
Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord PERCY, and his barons bold,
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppress'd,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The

The knights assembled on the hills

A thousand horse and more:

Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years,

The PERCY-standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,

And range the borders round:

Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale

Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den

Hath hear'd the hunters' cries,

And rushes forth to meet his foes,

So did the DOUGLAS rise.

Attendant on their chief's command

A thousand warriors wait:

And now the fatal hour drew on

Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths

Advance before the rest;

Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,

And thus his friend address'd.

Now,

Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent,
And spurr'd his eager steed,
And calling on his Lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends;
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces thro';
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he flew.

Now closing fast on every side
They hem Sir Bertram round;
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

H

The

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field;
When ponderous fell a Scottish ax,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temple took,
And reft his helme in twain;
That beauteous helme, his Lady's gift
—— His blood bedew'd the plain.

Lord PERCY saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight;
And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in with stretch'd-out shield
He o'er the warrior hung;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now

Now gathering round on every part,
The battle rag'd amain;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely slain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wonderous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
To WARK's fair castle bore.

Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love,
Her father kindly fed;
And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.

A message

A message went, no daughter came;
 Fair I S A B E L ne'er appears:
 Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
 Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
 So soon as thou canst ride;
 And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
 And she shall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram at her name reviv'd,
 He bless'd the soothing sound;
 Fond hope supplied the Nurse's care,
 And heal'd his ghastly wound.

*. W A R K castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river T W E E D, a little to the east of T I V I O T D A L E, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

A
NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

FIT THE THIRD.

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

I

Most

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright;
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged Nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear:
What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy Lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
To see thy Lady fair.

Now out, alas! (she loudly shriek'd)
Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she fet out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
And ready was he to fall;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee;
And sure if no sad harm had hap'd
Long since thou wouldst her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas! I've slain the comliest knight,
All thro' my folly and pride!

And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on the way.

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
'Till I thy Lady find.

That

That night he spent in sorrow and care;
And with sad boding heart,
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
Do thou go north, and I'll go west;
And all our drefs we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath feiz'd my love,
And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
'Till she is restor'd agen.

The brothers strait their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
And hide themselves in queint disguise,
And oft their drefs they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Most like a Palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes

Sometimes a Minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sat under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged Pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care,

All Minstrels yet that ever I saw,
Are full of game and glee:
But thou art sad and woe-begone!
I marvel whence it be!

Father, I serve an aged Lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind;
His only child is stol'n away,
And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my son; perchance, (he said)
Some tidings I may bear:
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills, so steep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from th'abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Me-thought I heard a Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I ask'd, what harm had happ'd,
What Lady sick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a Minstrel's song?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong?

My Lord, he said, is not at home,
To hear a Minstrel's song:
And should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.

He play'd again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish Porter's ear,
And mov'd his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he said, thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou should'st win;
But, alas! I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

Yet, Minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.

All

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear:
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew;
He saw his Lady thro' the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night wearied out he slept
'Till near the morning tide;
When, starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hy'd.

When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall;
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And

And soon he saw his love descend,
Wrapt in a Tartan plaid;
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly.
But what can 'scape the lover's ken?
Or shun his piercing eye?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said;
My thanks thou well hast won:
For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd?
For me what dangers run?

L

And

And ever shall my grateful heart

Thy services repay:—

Sir Bertram would no further hear,

But cried, Vile traitor, stay!

Vile traitor, yield that Lady up!

And quick his sword he drew:

The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,

And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms

Gave many a vengeful blow:

But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,

And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die!—A deadly thrust

Attends each furious word.

Ah! then fair Ifabel knew his voice,

And rush'd beneath his sword.

O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm!

Thou dost thy brother slay!—

And here the Hermit paus'd, and wept:

His tongue no more could say.

At

At length he cried, — Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest? —
'Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabb'd her breast.

Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah! cruel fate! they said.
The Hermit wept, and so did they:
They sigh'd; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow!
The Hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd:
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I hear'd my brother's name,
And saw my Lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound;
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My

My brother, alas! spake never more;

His precious life was flown.

She kindly strove to soothe my pain,

Regardless of her own.

Bertram, she said, be comforted,

And live to think on me:

May we in heaven that union prove,

Which here was not to be!

Bertram, she said, I still was true;

Thou only hadst my heart:

May we hereafter meet in bliss!

We now, alas! must part.

For thee I left my father's hall,

And flew to thy relief;

When, lo! near Chiviot's fatal hills

I met a Scottish chief.

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffer'd love

I had refus'd with scorn;

He slew my guards, and seiz'd on me,

Upon that fatal morn:

And

And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confin'd ;
And fondly sued, and warmly press'd
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear ;
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly formed this brave design
To set me, captive, free ;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide ;
And sometimes fondly think on her,
Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul,
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

M

In

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
 Devoid of sense I lay:
 Then sudden all in frantic mood
 I meant myself to slay:

And rising up in furious haste
 I seiz'd the bloody brand,*
 A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
 And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
 Had miss'd their lovely ward;
 And seizing me to prison bare,
 And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
 Their chief was prisoner ta'en:
 Lord PERCY had us soon exchange'd,
 And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honour'd dear remains
 To England were convey'd;
 And there within their silent tombs,
 With holy rites were laid.

For

* i. e. Sword.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And long to end it thought;
'Till time, and books, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows :
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and fordid care ;
I meekly vow'd to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir BERTRAM now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
But poor and humble BENEDICT,
Now lowly, patient, mild :

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise ;
And here a lonely Anchorete
I came to end my days.

This

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble Friend approv'd my choice;
This blest retreat he gave;
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've linger'd here;
And daily o'er this sculptur'd faint,
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue!

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forsaken, or forgot,
The PERCY and his noble Sons
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
And cumb'rous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell,
To spend the tranquil hour,

But length of life is length of woe,
I liv'd to mourn his fall:
I liv'd to mourn his godlike Sons,
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore;
And raise again the PERCY name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid:
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take,
They ask the good old fire;
And guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

N

Mean-

Mean-time their suit such favour found

At RABY'S stately hall,

Earl Neville, and his princely Spouse,

Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her Nephew's* throne,

The royal grace implor'd:

To all the honours of his race

The PERCY was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more

Admir'd his beauteous dame:

NINE noble SONS to him she bore,

All worthy of their name.

*.King Henry V. Anno 1414.

THE END OF THE BALLAD.

** The account given in the foregoing ballad of young PERCY, the son of HOTSPUR, is confirmed by the following Extract from an old Chronicle formerly belonging to Whitby Abbey.

"HENRY.

" HENRY PERCY, the son of Sir HENRY PERCY, that was
 " slayne at Shrewesbury, and of ELIZABETH, the daughter of
 " the Erle of Marche, after the death of his Father and Graunt-
 " fyre, was exiled into Scotland * in the time of king Henry
 " the Fourth: but in the time of king Henry the Fifth, by the
 " labour of JOHANNE the countes of Westmerland, (whose
 " Daughter ALLANOR he HAD WEDDED IN COMING INTO
 " ENGLAND,) he recovered the King's grace, and the countye
 " of Northumberland, so was the SECOND ERLE of Northum-
 " berland.

" And of this Alianor his wife, he begate IX Sonnes, and
 " III Daughters, whose names be JOHANNE, that is buried at
 " Whytbye: THOMAS, lord Egremont: KATHARYNE GRAY of
 " Rythyn: Sir RAFFE PERCY: WILLIAM PERCY, a Byshopp:
 " RICHARD PERCY: JOHN, that dyed WITHOUT ISSUE: [another
 " JOHN, called by Vincent † 'Johannes Percy senior de Wark-
 " worth'] GEORGE PERCY, Clerk: HENRY that dyed WITHOUT
 " ISSUE: ANNE —" [besides the eldest son and successor
 " here omitted, because he comes in below, viz.]

" HENRY PERCY, the THIRD Erle of NORTHUMBERLAND."

Vid. Harl. MSS. No. 692. (26.) in the British Museum.

* i. e. remained an Exile in Scotland during the Reign of king Henry IV.,
In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici Regis quarti. Lat. MS. penes Duc. North.

† See his Great Baronag, No. 20, in the Heralds office.

POST

P O S T S C R I P T.

IT will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inscribed was that Latin verse of the Psalmist,* which is in our Translation,

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT.

It is also certain, that the memory of the first Hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the PERCY Family, that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Priest, to reside in the Hermitage, and celebrate Mass in the Chapel: whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Dissolution of the Monasteries; and then the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the first Hermit; but the following Instrument will shew the liberal Exhibition offered to his Successors. It is the Patent granted to the last Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of Grants, &c. of the VIth Earl of Northumberland, in Henry VIIIth's time. †

SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT OF XX MERKS BY YERE.

“ HENRY Erle of Northumberland, &c. Knowe youe that I
 “ the said Erle, in consideration of the diligent and thankfull
 “ service, that my wellbeloved Chaplen Sir GEORGE LANCASTRE
 “ hath don unto me the said Erle, and also for the goode and
 “ vertus dispotion that I do perceiue in him: And for that he
 “ shall have in his daily recommendation and praiers the good
 “ estate of all suche noble Blode and other Personages, as be now
 “ levynge;

* Psal. xlii. 3.

† Claſſed, F. I. No. 1. penes Duc. Northumb.